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Title: Writings- To Charlotte

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A Note for Charlotte

Chronologically it should  
be noted that while I  
write these words long  
before your birth, know  
that I know you dear  
little girl, and that I will  
always watch over you.

You have many questions  
I am sure, questions that  
your mother cannot  
answer, questions that I  
too in your time cannot  
answer either. A  
confusing notion, I  
understand.

However know that the  
man I am now, as of this  
writing is not the same  
man as who will father  
you, nor the same boy  
who was nearly crowned  
King, nor am I the  
terrible creature of  
balance that marches us  
all forward to our  
inevitable end. Rather  
instead, I am the man  
who stood this morning  
upon the soft grass of  
that once empty field of  
Britain and dispatched one  
of the greatest threats  
to Sosaria ever, in doing  
so broke the conditions  
my other selves have  
placed upon my  
retirement.

They will come  
for me soon, and they  
will judge me. A terrible  
thing to stand judgment  
over ones self, a moment

within an infinite number  
of moments, with the  
benefit of both hindsight  
and foresight, to look at  
the whole of an infinite  
and immortal life and  
stand in judgment over  
it. I do not envy myself,  
to stand to be judged  
for breaking my promise,  
nor do I relish the  
thought of standing in  
judgment over myself for  
the same. Instead, dear  
daughter, I write to you.

As you progress through  
your life, small steps.  
You will have many  
triumphs, and many  
defeats. You will meet  
those who will build you  
up for their own  
pleasure, and those who  
will tear you down for  
the same. Know that even  
in your alone times, you  
are never apart from me.

You are a piece of me, a  
piece of the infinite  
circle of time as we all  
are. The immortal  
Sosarians, it is no wonder  
such terrible things befall  
us, it is unnatural for  
any being to live forever.  
Our trappings, our simple  
lives, always invaded by  
terrible creatures of  
jealousy. Xorinite, Oblivion,  
Fractures in Time,  
Monsters from the Void,  
However the worst of  
these are your fellow  
Sosarians.

These people do  
not understand the power  
they have over this  
world, I doubt they will  
ever recognize it. They  
have a panache for  
squandering it over petty  
things.

Know this, daughter. The  
Wellings family is an

ancient one, our line  
stretches back long  
before the Kingdoms  
united, the times of the  
old Kings, of the dark  
chaos that reigned then.

Back to the lands of  
Dragons and their rule  
and hold over us all. Our  
names have changes,  
Welles, Wellings,  
Wellington, Wellingham,  
Wells, Wellenbath and  
Welluns. All branches of  
a single circular root. My  
root, I was the first, and  
I was the last, until you.  
You are the heir of all  
these things, one day  
soon you will understand  
what this means, what it  
will cost you, and what  
responsibility it will weigh  
upon you.

For now  
however, I wish only to  
say, that I love you, seek  
out your family, seek  
them out and the faces  
that look out at you will  
be mine, just as they will  
be yours. Family, branches  
of the tree that is we.

Seek them out.